

The Paducah Sun.

AFTERNOON AND WEEKLY.

BY THE SUN PUBLISHING CO.
(INCORPORATED.)

FRANK M. FISHER, President and Editor.
EDWIN J. PAXTON, General Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Entered at the postoffice at Paducah, Ky. as second class matter.
THE DAILY SUN.

By carrier, per week \$.10
By mail, per month, in advance .40
By mail, per year, in advance 4.50

OTHER WEEKLY SUN.

One year by mail, postage paid \$1.00
Address THE SUN, Paducah, Ky.

OFFICE, 115 South Third | TELEPHONE, No. 258
Chicago Office, R. S. Osborne in charge, 1002
Tribune Building.

THE SUN CAN BE FOUND

AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

R. D. Clements & Co.
Van Culin Bros.
Palmer House.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1904.



CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Jan. 1	2301	Jan. 18	2279
Jan. 2	2293	Jan. 19	2273
Jan. 3	2283	Jan. 20	2279
Jan. 4	2281	Jan. 21	2268
Jan. 5	2292	Jan. 22	2271
Jan. 6	2286	Jan. 23	2287
Jan. 7	2289	Jan. 24	2280
Jan. 8	2286	Jan. 25	2274
Jan. 9	2534	Jan. 26	2274
Jan. 10	2492	Jan. 27	2281
Jan. 11	2518	Jan. 28	2303
Jan. 12	2518	Jan. 29	2319
Jan. 13	2541	Jan. 30	2336
Jan. 14	2541		
Jan. 15	2547		
Jan. 16	2541		61184

Daily average 2364
December average 2258
Increase 106

Personally appeared before me this day E. J. Paxton, general manager of The Sun, who affirms that the above statement of the circulation of The Sun for the month of Jan., 1904, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

PETER PURYEAR,

Notary Public McCracken County.

My commission expires at the end of the next session of the senate.
Feb. 1, 1903.

DAILY THOUGHT.

"Every task you have to do is an opportunity."

HOT AIR OLLIE.

Congressman Ollie James, of the First Kentucky district, who is a very big man (expressed in pounds), tried to start something in congress yesterday by making a speech in regard to the bill for extraditing former Governor Taylor, who is now in Indiana. It was a very able speech, judged from the quantity of hot air expended, but it fooled nobody unless it was a few unfortunates who are not familiar with the facts. Mr. James may fool them, but in the exuberance of his youthful ardor he can't pull the wool over the eyes of the people of Kentucky about this Goebel business.

The Democrats as well as the Republicans know that there is no real genuine evidence against anyone in the Goebel assassination. In every trial the members of the juries have been Goebel Democrats, which none of them ever denied, and every conviction was the result of perjury and appeals to the political prejudice and passion of the 12 men picked out because it was known beforehand what their verdict would be. We in Kentucky all know this. The Democrats know it, but they are afraid or ashamed to admit it. The Republicans know it, and will never hesitate to say so.

Speaking of the speech, however, according to a Washington dispatch: "Mr. James said it had been four years since Goebel's death and yet his murderers were living, protected by Republican officeholders. He declared that Taylor had not only been indicted by Roosevelt and by Durbin, but by the Republican party of Kentucky in state convention at Louisville and by the Republicans of the nation in state convention at Philadelphia."

Accept this as true, and it is something to be proud of. Former Governor Mount, of Indiana, refused to honor a requisition for the alleged slayers of Senator Goebel, and the Republicans who backed him up were sustained by the people of Indiana who elected Governor Durbin, also a Republican, who has since followed the example of his predecessor.

President Roosevelt before he became president, expressed his disapproval of the attitude of Kentucky Democrats, and he was elected vice president as easily as he will be elected president next November. His election shows that a majority of the people of this nation unequivocally endorse him and his acts, and that the acts of those who have offered help to the

men whom the Democrats of Kentucky would make political martyrs as they have those already caught. This is sufficient. The Democrats of Kentucky may have the support of the south, but they will never get the sympathy and support of the best and the greatest number of people in this great nation, in their nefarious work of persecuting innocent men to gratify the political animosity of the men who put and keep them in office to continuously rob the people, and get rich at the expense of the state.

STOP PRODUCING AWHILE.

A Weakley county, Tenn., man who has raised tobacco all his life, takes a sensible view of the tobacco situation. He does not take seriously the assertion that the tobacco trust is entirely responsible for the prevailing prices of tobacco and the inability to sell. The trust may have knocked some of the speculators out of jobs, but it has not hurt the growers, and it is not the trust that has made the supply so much greater than the demand.

To quote from the Weakley county man's letter to a Fulton paper, he says:

"There being a much vexed question agitating the minds of our farming people, and many who are not farmers, as to the cause of the present low prices of tobacco, known in the tobacco circles as dark tobacco, and grown principally in West Kentucky and northern tier of counties in West Tennessee. I propose to name the cause, or the most paramount cause, that has brought about the acknowledged low prices. Namely, overproduction, and it being of an inferior quality. And I further propose to give the only remedy to bring about better prices. Namely, reduce production and improve quality. Now, if there be any of your readers who may think they can show my position to be wrongfully taken, and no justifiable grounds for same, the writer will be glad to hear from them."

This is along the line explained in The Sun several days ago. The tobacco growers should not allow themselves to be deluded into believing that the tobacco trust has caused the trouble. It is simply their own overproduction, and when the superfluous supply is used up, prices will be better than ever for the grower, because the trust can afford to pay better prices, and in fact will have to pay them if it gets the tobacco, which it will have to do to stay in business—owing to the fact that much of the cost heretofore paid to middlemen has been done away with by dealing directly with the grower. The trouble is overproduction and a poor grade; the remedy, patience and a better quality hereafter.

SCHOOLS AND HIGH TAXES.

Says a local contemporary: "On being asked what he thought of the recommendation of Superintendent Leib of the public schools, that the second class city charter as it now stands, be amended so the schools could get 50 cents on the \$100 property assessment, Mayor Yeiser said yesterday that Mr. Leib surely did not understand how high the tax rate has been already for the past few years, also he would not advocate increasing the pro rata allowed the schools."

Yes, Superintendent Leib, although he has not been in Paducah long, has doubtless heard about the high taxes under Mayor Yeiser, and has probably found out that while 35 cents on the \$100 goes towards education in Paducah, the other 65 cents goes to the city and a large part of it is wasted by the legislative boards. The people would much rather, if money has to be wasted, that it be wasted on the schools, for if spent on the latter, it is seldom wasted. The custom of throwing away \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year on the streets, of raising salaries every year, of spending as much money on an electric light plant furnishing 167 street lights, as other places spend on one furnishing 282 street lights, private lights and lights for all public buildings—all are a sheer waste and if the city officials took as much interest in education as they do of their friends in office, we would have larger and better school facilities.

The Mayfield Messenger objects to a certain bill recently introduced in the legislature to stop the printing graft, out of which the Democratic papers in the state are getting vast sums of the taxpayers' money every year, practically for nothing. The Messenger's objection is that the present law affords the papers a means of making a little money. This is about the extent of the average Democrats' patriotism in Kentucky. The Messenger seems to think that robbery of the people is justified because the papers need the money. Nearly every Democrat in Kentucky seems to be

imbued with the same kind of ideas. It should be borne in mind, however, that public funds are collected to be expended only for value received, and not to distribute among a lot of country papers and political grafters simply because they "support the ticket" when election day rolls around. A paper is entitled to what it earns, and no more. Any law giving it more than it deserves simply holds up the tax payers. It robs the many to enrich the few, as most of the Democratic laws do.

If the city had to put up automatic gates to protect the public it would be a long time before there would be any of them. But as the railroads will have to pay the bills, some of the members of the boards have waxed quite enthusiastic over them. If the members of these boards really have the interest of the people so much at heart, why don't they require people to connect with the sewerage, to keep their premises clean and take other precautions to preserve health, and why don't they require the city to keep the streets and gutters free from filth, and do other things so sadly neglected in Paducah? We need protection for the public at railroad crossings, but we need a great many things worse than we need gates there.

The governor of New York did right in not giving up Zeigler, the alleged baking powder boulder who was wanted at St. Louis. The supreme court of Missouri has already clearly demonstrated its indifference to how much booting has been done, and there is no use in putting Mr. Zeigler to the trouble of going there to stand trial. Let Missouri set a good example by convicting and punishing some of her own bootlers, before asking other states to turn over their citizens, perhaps to be made examples of because they are not residents of the state and have no political pull to help them, like Butler and some of the other king bootlers.

A bill has just been introduced in the legislature giving cities of the fifth class permission to rent school buildings. This will greatly benefit Fulton, Ky., where there is trouble providing schools for children on the Tennessee side.

DEATHS OF TODAY.

Miss Florence Edwards, aged 13, died yesterday at 522 Norton street from consumption. She was a daughter of Mr. James Edwards and the funeral was at 1 o'clock this afternoon, burial at Oak Grove.

The remains of the late Miss Mary Lou Crowe were yesterday afternoon shipped to Pulaski, Tenn., for burial. Mr. A. L. Bishop at whose home she died, was on the Buttorf, and was unable to reach the city but joined the party at Nashville.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thomason, of the Hinkleville road died yesterday, burial at Oak Grove.

TOOK STRYCHNINE.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 4—Ellis Kinkead, aged 24, son of Warner S. Kinkead, vice president and general manager of the J. E. Pepper Distilling company, committed suicide by taking strychnine. It is believed that depression superinduced by the excessive use of cigarettes caused the rash act. The young man retired about 12 o'clock and about 2 o'clock his sister was awakened by her brother's cries for his father. The family quickly rushed in and found him writhing in agony on the floor.

He said that he had taken poison with the intention of ending his life. Physicians were unable to be of any help, and the young man died. Warner Kinkead, the father, was United States consul to Southampton, England, under President Cleveland's administration, and the son was his assistant.

ELECTRIC LIGHT GLOBES.

We urge our customers to use only the best. We find many cheap and filled lamps used by our patrons which give poor light and cause complaint. We use and recommend the Columbia lamps sold by

FOREMAN BROS. NOVELTY CO.
GEO. O. HART & SONS' CO.
HANK BROS.
THE PADUCAH CITY RAILWAY.

Subscribe for The Sun.

—TRY—
CESCARA QUININE
FOR YOUR COLD
SLEETH'S DRUG STORE

TRAVEL IN COLOMBIA

DRUMMER TELLS OF SOME EXCITING ADVENTURES.

The Story of a Stolen Fleet and a Naval Battle on the Magdalena—Where the Revolutionary Spirit is Rampant.

Charles H. Millett, a drummer, who is now in New York on his way back to Chicago from a tour of South America, tells some exciting stories of his adventures in Colombia during the recent insurrection of the liberals.

"I started," he said, "to go up the river Magdalena in a small river steamer. There was only one other passenger—a quiet, amiable young man, who afterward turned out to be a liberal leader in disguise."

"When we had gone two days up stream we found that trouble was brewing. Every one on the banks had taken up arms on one side or the other, and was stealing his neighbor's cattle and horses for the good of the cause. We heard that in a town just ahead the liberals had risen in obedience to a pronouncement and had seized six steamers and gone up stream."

"Our skipper was an American and wanted peace, but that commodity seemed just as unlikely to be found down stream as up, so we kept on our course. The result was that at noon next day we fell into the hands of three revolutionist steamers which were ambushed round a bend of the river."

"Their crew swarmed aboard and invited us with rifles to join them. We joined, and had three days' naval maneuvers, which consisted of pillage. I am sorry I had no camera, the scenes were so interesting."

"After three days we, having the faster steamer, dodged round another branch of the river and escaped; and when we tied up for the night we thought we were safe."

"Our delight did not last long, for my amiable young fellow passenger, who had assumed command of our captors, came after us with thirty truculent bandits in canoes and retook our ship during the night."

"At my own request he kindly put me ashore at a woodpile in the lonely forest; at least it was lonely except for two elderly colored ladies, who owned the woodpile."

"The ship, with lights out, dropped down the river to join the rest of the fleet, having left me rations for a couple of days—two tins of lobster, two of sardines, a pound of bread and a half a pound of chocolate."

"After they had gone, an Indian sneaked out of the bush, and I managed to bribe him to put me across the river to a village where many canoes were kept. There I hired two, loaded my traps into them, and with five men, led all that night in a pouring rain and all the next day under a blazing sky to Puerto Benio, the nearest place where food was obtainable."

"The officer in command of the government troops there, when he heard my tale, fitted out an expedition, converting some river steamers into armed cruisers by the use of railway metals for armor plates. With these he went down the river to meet the enemy, who by that time had gathered eleven steamers."

"Those eleven were not enough. There was a regular Trafalgar, and the revolutionists had the worst of it."

"All their boats were sunk or captured, and they lost over 250 men. My amiable fellow passenger got a bullet through his brain, and our skipper, who took no part in the affair, got two through his arm as he was quietly reading 'Under Two Flags,' which I had lent him, in his cabin."—New York Sun.

HAD NO THOUGHT OF SUICIDE.

Clerk at Gun Counter Had Sized His Customer Up.

A seedy looking customer, with an Arkansas mustache, a Wild West beard of three days' growth and an Indian Territory look in his eye was buying a six-shooter, in an uptown firearm store, says the New York Press.

"This one is \$1.75," said the clerk, "and it's a good gun for the money."

"Can't you come down a little on that?" queried the buyer, looking up under his shaggy eyebrows and rusty sombrero. Being answered in the negative, he paid the price, thrust the gun loosely into trousers pocket, got a supply of cartridges and went out.

"I don't care what he does with that gun," carelessly remarked the clerk, "but I know very well he has no intention of suicide. He wouldn't have cared anything about the price, if he had. He says he boards on the Bowery; place is tough looking, but the best he can afford, and he wants the gun to protect himself. I'm quite sure anyway, there's no idea of suicide running through his head. Folk of that sort are easy to pick out. They have an eager, excited manner that gives them away, and they are mostly women, too. I refused to sell a gun to one only the other day. Oh, there's not so very many of them, but it's dead easy to know them when one has a little experience."

Montana's Petrified Forests.
The curator of geology of the national museum at Washington, Dr. Merrill, has just returned from a tour of Montana and the northwest, where he gathered one of the most instructive collections that has reached the museum in years. Nearly everyone has heard of the petrified forests of Arizona, but that in Montana, which Dr. Merrill has been exploring, is hardly known, though it is believed to be at least equal in extent. The northern forests have, curiously enough, turned to opal instead of agate by the action of the elements.

Theatrical Notes.

THE MAN FROM MISSOURI.

Broneho Jim—Mr. Tim Murphy. John Barton, his friend, a congressman from Nevada—John P. Wade. Richard Darling, postmaster general—Wilbur M. Roe.

Robert Penfield, a young American banker—John Gorman.

Lieutenant Karl Bauerhauptengraf, of the German embassy—Wm. L. Gibson.

Senator Manuel de Castro, a promoter from Havana—Elliott Dexter.

Henry, a servant—Edw. Monfalcon.

Silvio, proprietor of the "Rookery"—O. J. Griffin.

Mary Ashton, a friend of the family—Anubry Powell.

Mrs. Richard Darling—Florence Davis.

Charlotte Darling—Louise Whitfield.

Margaret Darling—Gertrude Dalton.

Senora Marco, a Cuban adventuress—Doris Dalton.

Helen Lentworth, Richard Darling's niece—Dorothy Sherrod.

Mr. Tim Murphy, with his bubbling good nature and pleasing informality, was greeted by one of the largest and most representative audiences of the season at The Kentucky theater last night. Mr. Murphy, for the first time in Paducah, appeared as "The Man From Missouri."

Whatever may be said of the play itself, it gave satisfaction and was interpreted by a capable company. It probably does not afford Mr. Murphy as good a vehicle for his particular kind of ability as other plays in which he has been seen here, but it is on the melodramatic order and offers a variety of situations which hold the interest of the spectators.

The story is a simple one of a cowboy from Idaho, but a native of Missouri, who goes to Washington. Mr. Murphy is the cowboy and his first appearance is in the typical garb of a westerner. A beautiful society girl falls in love with him, and of course he wins her, and everything turns out well in the end, as it should do. The story is a very improbable one, and while the character of "Jim Broncho," taken by Mr. Murphy, may be unnatural and untrue to life, still there might have been some one like him at some time, although few of us ever saw anything like it. The dialogue is bright in spots and the play does not lack in action. Mr. Elliott Dexter, as "Senor de Castro," is the artist of the company. His work was fine, and he won great applause. Mr. Murphy's supporting company is good.

Tim Murphy told stories, as usual.

last night. He is very kind about giving his audiences a little side line talk, and the ones he told last evening were short but laughable.

While in a store at Ann Arbor, Mich., recently Mrs. Murphy, whose name on the stage is Miss Dorothy Sherrod, was called on to explain who she was. She said she was Mrs. Tim Murphy, wife of the actor.

"Oh yes," said the man in the store. "He's here today, I believe."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy. "He is now, 'The Man From Missouri,' you know. We have had quite a great deal of success this season, and I'm sure we are glad to get back here."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced the merchant.

"It's the first time 'The Man From Missouri' has ever been here, I believe, but that other thing has been here before."

Mr. Murphy has another joke which he introduces by telling how he and his wife walked the streets of Paris, (Ky.) not long ago and, Mrs. Murphy decided to buy some fruit cake to send home to her mother. He suggested that they go to the bakers, and she objected, saying that the best could be found at "The Ladies Exchange." So they started out to look for one.

"Hey, mister," sang out Mr. Murphy to the first native he met, "is there a Ladies' Exchange here?"

"Good gracious," exclaimed the native in undisguised surprise, "You don't want to swap that off, do ye?" indicating Mrs. Murphy.

It is said that Tim can change the meaning of the whole story when he is in a bad humor, but this probably never is. Instead of having the native say "You don't want to swap that off, do you?" Tim has him say "You don't expect to swap that off, do you?"

James M. Martin's three act rural comedy "The Hoosier Girl" will have an engagement of one night at the Kentucky next Monday, Feb. 8. It has made a big hit everywhere and taken an assured place as one of the comedy successes of the age. The play is novel, cleverly constructed and splendidly acted, and that it is pleasing is shown by the packed and jammed houses at every performance. Special scenery is carried so as to enable the management to reproduce exact views of the scenes of the play in the Hoosier state, Indiana.

Mr. Tim Murphy and his company left today for Clarksville, Tenn. Mr. Murphy's home, to rehearse a new play which will be put on shortly. They will lay off two weeks.

Finest Battleship.

A German service review recently took a sort of postcard census of the admirals and leading engineers of every naval power in the world, including Japan. By a largely preponderant vote it was agreed that for general all-round excellence the Italian battleship Vittorio Emanuele is the finest in the world.

Ayer's

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, consumption. He knows. Trust him.

25c., 50c., \$1.00.
Sold for 60 years.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Also manufacturers of

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation.

AYER'S SANSAPARILLA—For the blood. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.

Cherry Pectoral

WHEN YOU GO FOR A RIDE

You want a nice looking turnout and a good going horse. That's half the pleasure of such an outing.

Go to the Tully Livery Co., 4th & Court

and you can always get an up-to-date rig.

Subscribe for THE SUN and get the news while it is news.